

## Adventure of the Speckled Band

Continued from Page 1.

"Subtle enough and horrible enough. When a doctor does a thing he is the first of criminals. He has nerve, and he has knowledge. Palmer and Pritchard were among the heads of their profession. This man strikes even deeper. But I think, Watson, that we shall be able to strike deeper still. But we shall have horrors enough before the night is over; for goodness sake, you must have a quiet pipe and turn our minds for a few hours to something more cheerful."

About 9 o'clock the light among the trees was a dull, yellowish glow, and in the direction of the Manor House. Two hours passed slowly away, and when, suddenly, just at the stroke of 11, a single bright light shone out right in front of us.

"That is our signal," said Holmes, springing to his feet; "it comes from the middle window."

As we passed out he exchanged a few words with the landlord, explaining that we were going on a little expedition, and that it was possible that we might spend the night there. A moment later we were out in the dark road, a chill wind blowing over our faces, and one yellow light twinkling in front of us through the gloom to guide us on our journey.

There was a small, dark, and very old house, the grounds, for unimpaired, broad-gaped in the old park wall. Making out among the trees we reached the lawn, crossed it, and found a small, dark, and very old house, the grounds, for unimpaired, broad-gaped in the old park wall.

"My God!" I whispered, "did you see it?"

Holmes was for the moment as startled as I. His hand closed like a vice upon my wrist in his agitation. Then he broke into a low laugh and put his lips to my ear.

"It is a household," he murmured, "that has forgotten the strange pets which the doctor allowed. There was a cheetah, too; perhaps we might find it upon our shoulders at any moment. I confess that I felt easier in my mind when after following Holmes and myself and slipping off my shoes, I found myself inside the bedroom. My companion noiselessly closed the shutters, moved the lamp on to the table and changed his eyes round the room. All was as we had seen it in the daytime. Then creeping up to me and making a trumpet of his hand, he whispered so gently that I could do to distinguish the words:

"The least sound would be fatal to our plans."

I nodded to show that I had heard. We must sit without light. He would see it through the ventilator."

I nodded again.

"Do not go asleep; your very life may depend upon it. Have your pistol ready in case you should need it. I will sit on the side of the bed and you in that chair."

I took my out revolver and laid it on the corner of the table.

Holmes had brought up a long thin cane, and this he placed upon the bed beside him. By it he laid the box of matches and the candle, and by it he laid the box of matches and the candle, and by it he laid the box of matches and the candle.

Then he turned down the lamp, and we were left in darkness.

How shall I ever forget that dreadful night! I could not hear a sound, not even the drawing of a breath, and yet I knew that my companion sat open-eyed, within a few feet of me, in the same state of nervous tension which I was myself. The shutters cut off the least ray of light, and we waited in absolute darkness. From outside came the occasional cry of a night bird, and once at our very window a long drawn cat-like wailing, which told us that the cheetah was indeed at liberty. Far away we could hear the deep tones of the parish clock, which boomed out every quarter of an hour, how long they seemed those quarters!

Twelve struck, and one after another the sound became audible—a very gentle, soothing sound, like that of a small jet of steam escaping continually from a kettle. The instant that we heard it Holmes sprang from the bed, struck a match and looked furiously with his hand at the bell-pull.

"You see it, Watson?" he yelled. "You see it?"

"But I saw nothing. At the moment when Holmes struck the light I heard a low, clear whistle, but the sudden glare flashed from his eyes, and he made it impossible for me to tell what it was at which my friend lashed so savagely. I could, however, see that his face was deadly pale and filled with horror and loathing."

He had ceased to strike and was gazing up at the ventilator, when suddenly there broke from the ceiling of the night the most horrible cry to which I have ever listened. It swelled up louder and louder, a hoarse yell of pain and fear and agony, and in the one dreadful shriek. They say that away down in the village, and even in the distant parsonage, that evening called the sleepers from their beds. It struck cold to our hearts, until the last echoes of it had died away into the silence of the night.

"What can it mean?" I gasped.

"It means that it is all over," Holmes answered. "And perhaps, after all, it is for the best. The doctor and we will enter Dr. Roylott's room."

With a grave face he lit the lamp and led the way down the corridor. Twice he struck at the chamber door without any reply from within. Then he turned the handle and entered. I at his heels, with the cocked pistol in my hand.

It was a singular sight which met our eyes. On the table stood a dark-lantern with the shutter half open, throwing a brilliant beam of light upon the iron safe, the door of which was ajar. Beside this table, on the wooden chair, sat Dr. Grimesby Roylott, clad in a long gray dressing gown, his bare ankles protruding beneath, and his feet thrust into red heelless Turkish slippers. Across his lap lay a short stock with the long lash which we had noticed during the day. His chin was cocked upward and his eyes were fixed in a dreadful, rigid stare at the ceiling of the ceiling. Round his brow he had a peculiar yellow band, with brownish speckles, which seemed to be bound tightly round his head. As we entered he made neither sound nor motion.

"The band," the speckled band," whispered Holmes.

I took a step forward. In an instant his strange headgear began to move, and there reared itself from among his hair the squat, diamond-shaped, and barred head of a snake. He died within ten seconds of being bitten. Violence does, in truth, recoil upon the violent, and the schemer falls into the pit which he digs for another. Let us thrust this creature back into its den and we can then remove Miss Stoner to some place of shelter, and let the county police know what has happened."

As he spoke he drew the dog-whistle swiftly from the pocket of his coat, and throwing the nose round the reptile's neck, he drew it at arm's length, threw, and carrying it at arm's length, threw,

It into the iron safe, which he closed much. Such are the true facts of the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott, of Stoke Moran. It is not necessary that I should prolong a narrative whatever it already run to too great a length, by telling how we broke the bad news to the terrified girl, how we conveyed her to the morning train to the care of her good aunt at Harrow, or how the slow process of official inquiry came to the conclusion that the doctor met his fate while indiscreetly playing with a dangerous pet. The little which I had yet to learn of the case was told me by Sherlock Holmes as we travelled back next day.

"I had," said he, "come to an entirely erroneous conclusion, which shows, my dear Watson, how very easily the human mind is to reason from insufficient data. The presence of the gypsies, and the use of the word 'band,' which was used by the poor girl, no doubt to explain the appearance which she had caught a hurried glimpse of by the light of her lantern, were sufficient to put me upon an entirely wrong track. I had only to claim the merit that I instantly recognized my position when, however, it became clear to me that the danger threatened an occupant of the room could not come either from the outside or from the door. My attention was speedily drawn to the ventilator, and to the bell-rope which hung down to the floor, and that the bed was clamped to the floor, instantly gave rise to the suspicion that the noise was there as some one was passing through the hole, and coming to the bed. The idea of a snake instantly occurred to me, and I could not but be struck by the knowledge that I had just learned from India I felt that I was probably on the right track, and that the form of poison which could not possibly be discovered by any chemical test was just such a one as would occur to a clever and ruthless man who had a special knowledge of the East. The rapidity with which such a poison would take effect would also, from his point of view, be a valuable asset. He would be a sharp-eyed corner, indeed, who could distinguish the two little dark punctures which would show where the poison fangs had done their work. Then I thought of the whistle. Of course he must recall the snake before the morning light revealed it to the victim. He ordered me to be ready by the use of the milk which we saw, to return to him when summoned. He would put it through this ventilator at the hour that he thought best, with the certainty that it would crawl down the rope and land on the bed. It might or might not bite the occupant, perhaps he might escape every night for a week, but sooner or later he must fall a victim."

It had come to these conclusions before ever I had entered his room. An inspection of his chair showed me that he would put it in his hand, standing on it, which of course would be necessary in order that he should reach the ventilator. The slight of the safe, the saucer of milk, and the basket of snakes, which may have remained. The metal-clip heard by Miss Stoner was obviously a device to keep the door of the room closed in order to prevent the escape of the creature. Having once made up my mind, you now see the steps which I took in order to put the matter to the proof. I heard the creature hiss, as I have no doubt that you did also. I instantly lit the light and attacked it."

"With the result of driving it through the ventilator."

"And also with the result of causing it to turn upon its master at the other side. Some of the blows of my cane came home and roused its shakish temper, so that it flew upon the first person it saw. In this way I am no doubt indirectly responsible for Dr. Grimesby Roylott's death, and I must say it is likely to weigh very heavily upon my conscience."

(Copyright by Harper &amp; Bro.)

## Stories of the Secret Service

Continued from Page 2.

Hise, and therefore at every turn covered my tracks as well as I knew how. In line with this policy, I even took a roundabout course to Van Hise's office in Superior street. I introduced myself as the Erie party who had written to him.

"I'm glad to meet you Mr. Hall," said Van Hise effusively. After the getting down to business he said:

"So you are looking for timber lands. Well, I believe I can furnish what you want."

"Have you much land of this kind?" I asked.

"Plenty of it," he replied.

"That depends on the land. If you are prepared to take a large tract I can probably make you a price of 50 cents an acre for land that would suit your purpose."

"What arrangements can you make for time?" I asked.

"I have a certain amount of money. I have sold my mill, and am thinking of buying a portable circular mill. Until I decide on this I don't know just how much I will be prepared to pay down on the land."

"Those matters can be arranged to suit you. If you take the land and put a mill on it I will have no fear of your getting away from me without paying the balance."

Our conversation was of the pleasant kind that marks a deal about to be closed. Van Hise showed me elaborate maps of the Missouri districts in which he held lands, and he marked off the tract he proposed to sell me. But I did not close the deal then, planning that I wanted a little time to decide on the style of mill to use and to arrange other details. I told him I would go to Missouri to look at the lands and asked for the descriptions, which he cheerfully gave me.

He went further, instructing me to make myself known to the clerk of the Missouri county to which I was supposed to be going. This clerk, he said, would be glad to show me the land at his, Van Hise's expense, and would give me all the information relative to this and other points I might desire. This bit of accommodation on Van Hise's part indicated clearly the hold the leaguers had on certain county officials and the part the latter played in the marketing of the stolen goods.

My plan was to conduct negotiations with Lindsay and Van Hise in such a way that they would have the deeds to the land they were to sell Stedman and me in their respective offices on the day the arrests were to be made, thereby providing fresh evidence to be used against them in the courts. There was no hitch in this plan. Lindsay followed up the negotiations opened by Stedman with the clerical ordinarily displayed by a man of business anxious to close a deal in which there was a big profit. Van Hise was just as eager and unsuspecting in his efforts to unload 25,000 stolen acres on "James Hall," saw mill operator. The plan was working smoothly and promised great results.

The amount of detailed work, which at this late date would be of no interest to my readers, was enormous. I spent several days in the Washington land office withdrawing papers for examination and comparison. Frequent trips were made to southeast Missouri, Ohio and Kentucky, the network of evidence being filled in with a patch here and a patch there.

I believe I neglected to say in beginning this story that the communication to Secretary Schurz, which he had turned over to Chief Brooks and which was the real starting point of this historic criminal case, had been written by one Leo Whybark of St. Louis, a former colleague of Robert Lindsay. To all intents and purposes, Whybark was the most important man in the case, his origin in the falling out of thieves among themselves, Lindsay and Whybark, and the division of the spoils, the latter claiming he had been ousted by Lindsay, who had grown domineering in his treatment of subordinates. Whybark's reason for leaving Lindsay was that he was not overindulgent in whisky, was a pliable tool in the hands of others, John E. Gardner was a banker and a man of high business standing in the work of producing false titles the notarial work was not the least item, as all the papers had to be sworn to, and it was necessary to do so in the most proper manner. Two more of these notaries were Herman E. Schuster and John J. Brady, Jr., of St. Louis. In all, twenty-two men had been dragged into our net for complicity in one form or another in this great conspiracy.

At last the time came to strike. I believed that the evidence in all the cases was strong enough to convict. Warrants were sworn out and placed in the hands of deputy United States marshals in the various cities where the arrests were to be made. The greatest

discovered by any chemical test was just such a one as would occur to a clever and ruthless man who had a special knowledge of the East. The rapidity with which such a poison would take effect would also, from his point of view, be a valuable asset. He would be a sharp-eyed corner, indeed, who could distinguish the two little dark punctures which would show where the poison fangs had done their work. Then I thought of the whistle. Of course he must recall the snake before the morning light revealed it to the victim. He ordered me to be ready by the use of the milk which we saw, to return to him when summoned. He would put it through this ventilator at the hour that he thought best, with the certainty that it would crawl down the rope and land on the bed. It might or might not bite the occupant, perhaps he might escape every night for a week, but sooner or later he must fall a victim."

It had come to these conclusions before ever I had entered his room. An inspection of his chair showed me that he would put it in his hand, standing on it, which of course would be necessary in order that he should reach the ventilator. The slight of the safe, the saucer of milk, and the basket of snakes, which may have remained. The metal-clip heard by Miss Stoner was obviously a device to keep the door of the room closed in order to prevent the escape of the creature. Having once made up my mind, you now see the steps which I took in order to put the matter to the proof. I heard the creature hiss, as I have no doubt that you did also. I instantly lit the light and attacked it."

"With the result of driving it through the ventilator."

"And also with the result of causing it to turn upon its master at the other side. Some of the blows of my cane came home and roused its shakish temper, so that it flew upon the first person it saw. In this way I am no doubt indirectly responsible for Dr. Grimesby Roylott's death, and I must say it is likely to weigh very heavily upon my conscience."

(Copyright by Harper & Bro.)

secretary was observed in getting out the papers and arranging for printing. With Lindsay and Van Hise, Stedman and I arranged to have all the papers in our deals with them in their respective offices on the day the arrests were planned. It was on the 15th day of March in the year after the investigation was begun that I entered the private office of Van Hise, Lindsay in St. Louis with Deputy Marshal Soest.

Here was a pretty how-d'ye-do. After a year's hard work had revealed a scheme involving the clear theft of from six to eight millions of acres of valuable land from the government and thousands of individuals had been robbed, the promoters of the plot were to be restored to public and their former places in society because they claimed to have discovered a possible reconstruction of the federal land.

The cases had been brought in the United States court. Suddenly it became whispered about that the federal government governing land patents had been restored to public and their former places in society because they claimed to have discovered a possible reconstruction of the federal land.

My position was that merely of the officer who had been largely instrumental in planning and carrying out the investigation at the orders of my superiors. But I was determined that the criminals should not escape if it was in my power to prevent. I had seen all the august power of government arrested.

"Who are you and what am I under arrest for?" he demanded.

"I told him who was and, briefly, what he was wanted for."

"All right," he said coolly, reaching for his hat, "but you are late in time to spoil a big trade for me."

"Then he became indignant."

"This is an outrage," he said angrily: "a plot put up by Carl Schurz to ruin me. It's the work of the d—d reformers in the Republican party, and is going to hurt the party."

As nearly at the same instant as was physically possible the arrest of a score more of the leaguers was made in St. Louis and other cities. All were placed under bond, the furnishing of bail being a comparatively easy matter for men of such prominence and means as most of them were.

Then began a most desperate fight for freedom on the part of the land leaguers, a fight in which was employed every agency for the overthrow of the highest dignitaries in the Republican party to the intimidation of even minor witnesses by threats of lynching. Among the men who had been less than less let into possession of incriminating information against Lindsay was Frank Smith, an employee of President Thompson of the Erie railroad, who had a country seat at Ironton. One day the following notice was sent to Smith from a mysterious source:

"Ironton, Mo.  
"Frank Smith.  
"Cook at Thompson's."

"Prepare with your maker—he will want you to come to him very soon. We will on August 16, at 12 o'clock, midnight, come to your house and hang you to a tree until you are dead. May you be ready to die. Beware!"

"PARTY OF LYNCHERS."

With the history of the tree of death in Arcadia valley in their minds the persons upon whom such notices were served did not look upon them as jests or idle threats. Seventeen citizens had dashed from the limbs of this tree in mute testimony of the sincerity of purpose of the land leaguers; and the receipt of such a notice after the leaguers had been brought to bay was a pleasant incident. The government maintained surveillance over the criminals and their suspected allies, however, and prevented the execution of any threats. The notice sent to Smith I found to be in the handwriting of Robert Lindsay.

It was in high political places that the most telling fight was made by the leaguers to escape the penalty of their crimes. To explain this fight must revert for a moment to the national political situation of that year. Grant had completed his globe-circling tour and was being urged for a third presidential term. Among the 36 delegates to the Chicago convention that stood by him to the last were James Lindsay and Carroll R. Peck. Grant was defeated for the nomination by the unexpected launching of the name of James A. Garfield around whom the anti-Grant forces rallied. The schism in the party preceding the convention was widened by the nomination and election of Garfield, and the bitterness of feeling was nowhere more intense than in Missouri.

Robert Lindsay was prominent in the Grant faction of that state, being an officer in a large political organization with such staunch Republicans as Chauncey I. Filley and others of equal prominence. His father was Grant's personal friend, his grandfather an army, and the relations between the former President and the Lindsay family were very warm, as indicated by James Lindsay's appointment to a responsible position after he had proved a defaulter in a previous one.

United States attorney, prosecution upon whom fell the chief burden of prosecution of the leaguers in the courts, was appointed by President Grant, and other officials named had been the weight of whose influence should have been on the side of the prosecution, were found lukewarm in the cause. I do not mean to imply that the officials do any neglect of duty on the part of the government prosecutors, nor that any of the Grant politicians used their influence corruptly. I do mean to say that from mysterious sources and in the most mysterious manner, there came strange happenings—all in favor of the defendants. It is difficult to see that at the rate matters were going the land leaguers would soon be free without trial.

At the time of his arrest Robert Lindsay charged his trouble to Carl Schurz. In the newspapers he charged that Secretary Schurz had discharged James Lindsay from the Ironton land office without cause, and that he, Robert, had issued a circular attacking Schurz for doing so. In fact, to get revenge for the issuance of this circular Schurz had concocted this plot against the Lindsays, according to those who were with the Secretary. The Interior was a member of the anti-Grant faction, and this gave some color, with

the uninformed, to the cry of his political plottings against the Lindsays. This is the first time since the celebrated land fraud cases came before the public that the exact truth concerning their origin has been made public. The starting point, as I have related, was the falling out of Robert Lindsay and his lieutenant, Whybark, and not any desire on the part of Secretary Schurz to punish his political adversaries in the Republican party.

To raise the cry of political persecution, however, was to put forward the strongest available defense. James Lindsay came forward with a newspaper interview in defense of his son and in condemnation of the federal authorities. Carroll Peck, in the Ironton paper owned by him, charged him with having involved the government in an expense of \$50,000 to satisfy the political enemies of my superiors. As a matter of fact, about \$1,000 had been spent up to that time. The strongest political forces in the state were being pushed to their utmost capacity to bring about the release of the Lindsays, especially, and the bitterest of feudists.

After the 19th of September, 1881, when the word flashed across the land that the shot fired by Garfield on the railway platform at Washington had proved fatal, a prominent government official, said the Ironton paper.

"Now that Garfield is dead there is little chance of convicting the land leaguers."

This statement was made on the assumption that President Arthur was friendly to the Grant element; but this turned out to be an erroneous surmise. In answer to it I said:

"The Republican party cannot afford to stand sponsor for these men."

"And also with the result of causing it to turn upon its master at the other side. Some of the blows of my cane came home and roused its shakish temper, so that it flew upon the first person it saw. In this way I am no doubt indirectly responsible for Dr. Grimesby Roylott's death, and I must say it is likely to weigh very heavily upon my conscience."

(Copyright by Harper & Bro.)

secretary was observed in getting out the papers and arranging for printing. With Lindsay and Van Hise, Stedman and I arranged to have all the papers in our deals with them in their respective offices on the day the arrests were planned. It was on the 15th day of March in the year after the investigation was begun that I entered the private office of Van Hise, Lindsay in St. Louis with Deputy Marshal Soest.

Here was a pretty how-d'ye-do. After a year's hard work had revealed a scheme involving the clear theft of from six to eight millions of acres of valuable land from the government and thousands of individuals had been robbed, the promoters of the plot were to be restored to public and their former places in society because they claimed to have discovered a possible reconstruction of the federal land.

The cases had been brought in the United States court. Suddenly it became whispered about that the federal government governing land patents had been restored to public and their former places in society because they claimed to have discovered a possible reconstruction of the federal land.

My position was that merely of the officer who had been largely instrumental in planning and carrying out the investigation at the orders of my superiors. But I was determined that the criminals should not escape if it was in my power to prevent. I had seen all the august power of government arrested.

"Who are you and what am I under arrest for?" he demanded.

"I told him who was and, briefly, what he was wanted for."

"All right," he said coolly, reaching for his hat, "but you are late in time to spoil a big trade for me."

"Then he became indignant."

"This is an outrage," he said angrily: "a plot put up by Carl Schurz to ruin me. It's the work of the d—d reformers in the Republican party, and is going to hurt the party."

As nearly at the same instant as was physically possible the arrest of a score more of the leaguers was made in St. Louis and other cities. All were placed under bond, the furnishing of bail being a comparatively easy matter for men of such prominence and means as most of them were.

Then began a most desperate fight for freedom on the part of the land leaguers, a fight in which was employed every agency for the overthrow of the highest dignitaries in the Republican party to the intimidation of even minor witnesses by threats of lynching. Among the men who had been less than less let into possession of incriminating information against Lindsay was Frank Smith, an employee of President Thompson of the Erie railroad, who had a country seat at Ironton. One day the following notice was sent to Smith from a mysterious source:

"Ironton, Mo.  
"Frank Smith.  
"Cook at Thompson's."

"Prepare with your maker—he will want you to come to him very soon. We will on August 16, at 12 o'clock, midnight, come to your house and hang you to a tree until you are dead. May you be ready to die. Beware!"

"PARTY OF LYNCHERS."

With the history of the tree of death in Arcadia valley in their minds the persons upon whom such notices were served did not look upon them as jests or idle threats. Seventeen citizens had dashed from the limbs of this tree in mute testimony of the sincerity of purpose of the land leaguers; and the receipt of such a notice after the leaguers had been brought to bay was a pleasant incident. The government maintained surveillance over the criminals and their suspected allies, however, and prevented the execution of any threats. The notice sent to Smith I found to be in the handwriting of Robert Lindsay.

It was in high political places that the most telling fight was made by the leaguers to escape the penalty of their crimes. To explain this fight must revert for a moment to the national political situation of that year. Grant had completed his globe-circling tour and was being urged for a third presidential term. Among the 36 delegates to the Chicago convention that stood by him to the last were James Lindsay and Carroll R. Peck. Grant was defeated for the nomination by the unexpected launching of the name of James A. Garfield around whom the anti-Grant forces rallied. The schism in the party preceding the convention was widened by the nomination and election of Garfield, and the bitterness of feeling was nowhere more intense than in Missouri.

Robert Lindsay was prominent in the Grant faction of that state, being an officer in a large political organization with such staunch Republicans as Chauncey I. Filley and others of equal prominence. His father was Grant's personal friend, his grandfather an army, and the relations between the former President and the Lindsay family were very warm, as indicated by James Lindsay's appointment to a responsible position after he had proved a defaulter in a previous one.

United States attorney, prosecution upon whom fell the chief burden of prosecution of the leaguers in the courts, was appointed by President Grant, and other officials named had been the weight of whose influence should have been on the side of the prosecution, were found lukewarm in the cause. I do not mean to imply that the officials do any neglect of duty on the part of the government prosecutors, nor that any of the Grant politicians used their influence corruptly. I do mean to say that from mysterious sources and in the most mysterious manner, there came strange happenings—all in favor of the defendants. It is difficult to see that at the rate matters were going the land leaguers would soon be free without trial.

At the time of his arrest Robert Lindsay charged his trouble to Carl Schurz. In the newspapers he charged that Secretary Schurz had discharged James Lindsay from the Ironton land office without cause, and that he, Robert, had issued a circular attacking Schurz for doing so. In fact, to get revenge for the issuance of this circular Schurz had concocted this plot against the Lindsays, according to those who were with the Secretary. The Interior was a member of the anti-Grant faction, and this gave some color, with

mayed against malefactors whose crimes had been infinitesimal compared with that of these kid-gloved conspirators, and to me it seemed a violation of every tenet of eternal right to allow these men to go free because they were strong in the councils of their political party."

I was also convinced that the judge in question was in error legally, and in support of my view I had a letter written by Assistant Secretary of Justice Bell to John Sherman, secretary of the treasury, calling attention to section 446 of the statutes which provided that any person stealing or destroying any paper, record or document from any federal office could be fined and imprisoned. This section covered fully the thefts of land patents. Besides, it had been held by the supreme court that the actual delivery of a patent, as with a deed, was necessary to pass title.

So far as the use of their technicality was concerned the defendants gained their point. On the construction referred to the cases were allowed to die in the federal court by the judge who had made the strange construction of the law.

There was but one recourse. In the perpetration of the big crime numerous individual offenses against state laws had been committed, such as forgery, perjury and obtaining money under false pretenses. We might find justice in these state courts. This was suggested, but my superiors in Washington doubted the probability of our being able to convict in the state courts on the theory that they were even more subject to influence than the federal courts.

Most fortunately there came to the rescue of justice at this critical moment a man with splendid fighting ability and a deep sense of duty—Circuit Attorney Harris of St. Louis. He possessed in a marked degree the qualifications that the federal prosecutors lacked. With him I went over the evidence. He leaped into the breach with a vim that was refreshing. He was invulnerable to political or other influences and soon mastered and marshaled for use the great mass of evidence.

In the meantime a touch of romance had been added to the drear details of the case in Cleveland. In the office of Orlando Van Hise there had been employed a clerk named Mary A. Johnson. Her sister had married George Linn, another member of the ring. She was also a notable beauty, and had been taken many fraudulent acknowledgments for her employer. The government had intended to use Mary Johnson as a witness against Van Hise, but Cupid took a hand soon after the arrests and Van Hise and the girl were married, thus giving the government a serious setback in the prosecution of Van Hise, for a wife could not be used as a witness against her husband.

The dismissal of the case in the federal courts and the institution in the state courts of course necessitated the re-arresting of the defendants and the furnishing of new bonds. When we went to Cleveland we found that Van Hise and Linn had decamped for parts unknown, presumably Europe. The other leaguers, however, and the trials were held in St. Louis, Mo., Steubenville, Ohio, and Clarion, Pa.

Circuit Attorney Harris had mastered the evidence so thoroughly and had all the cases so well in hand that he went to Steubenville to assist in the prosecution of the Ohio conspirators. Robert Lindsay retained the most able lawyers he could find and every artifice known

to them was employed. At the end of the first battle in court Robert L. Lindsay was sentenced to serve nine years in the penitentiary. This term he served minus the day allowance for good behavior. I do not know if he be alive or dead. Far be it from me in these narratives to seek to follow any man past the point where he explained his crime in the manner prescribed by the courts. I hope he learned well the lesson that education is a good position in society and powerful political affiliations do not palliate crime. Crime in broadcloth is still crime.

The entire twenty-two were convicted and were sentenced to serve from two to nine years. These were the conspirators, big and little: Robert L. Lindsay, Addison P. Burns, William Burns, Orlando Van Hise, George Linn, John K. Corwin, John F. Gardner, Samuel L. Carter, David S. Bingham, J. F. Richards, Benjamin F. Pickler, Herman E. Schuster, Charles Vassell, Charles Newman, John F. Norris, H. R. McClellan, George W. Nelson, Cyrus Smith, J. S. Wolfe, John Brady, Jr., George L. Brown, Samuel C. Clark and Leo Whybark. There were sixty-one indictments against Lindsay and fifty-two against which Attorney Bliss nolle prosecuted in St. Louis while Lindsay was on trial in Steubenville.

In the little courtroom at Clarion, Pa., was laid the pathetic closing scene of this memorable crime. William Burns, the gray-haired father, and Addison, his son, in the prime of manhood, were tried together. Their lawyers fought a good fight but lost. After their husbands had been found guilty by a jury they were called before the bar for sentence. I give the exact language of the judge, for it was so graphically preserved—not a general custom in those days:

"The offense committed by you is a very grave one. It was committed under very remarkable circumstances and seldom is crime committed which is so deeply imbedded in perjury as this crime has been. In order to make this forgery effectual to impose upon the persons victimized, it was necessary to resort to falsehood to impose upon the public and to impose forged papers upon the officials of the United States in the land office. The evidence showed that this single transaction

was interwoven with many others of the same kind. That these several transactions have extended over a period of several years during which falsehood was continuously resorted to—that one or the other of you have repeatedly forged instruments, imposed upon the officers of the land office and that you have repeatedly victimized the citizens of this commonwealth is proved. In the history of the crimes of this country there is no one that I know of that has developed so complete a system and so skillful an intertwining of falsehood, perjury and forgery."

"You have abundance of time to reflect; you are both men of mature years. You knew that you were imposing upon the men who indicted you. You knew that you were reaping gains in this unlawful way and that you were imposing on the department at Washington and deceiving the officers in Missouri. You knew you were unsettling the land titles in that state and giving to the citizens of this commonwealth an entirely worthless title and were getting from them as much money as you could by a system of false dealing. We regret the position you are in, but the evidence was not such